

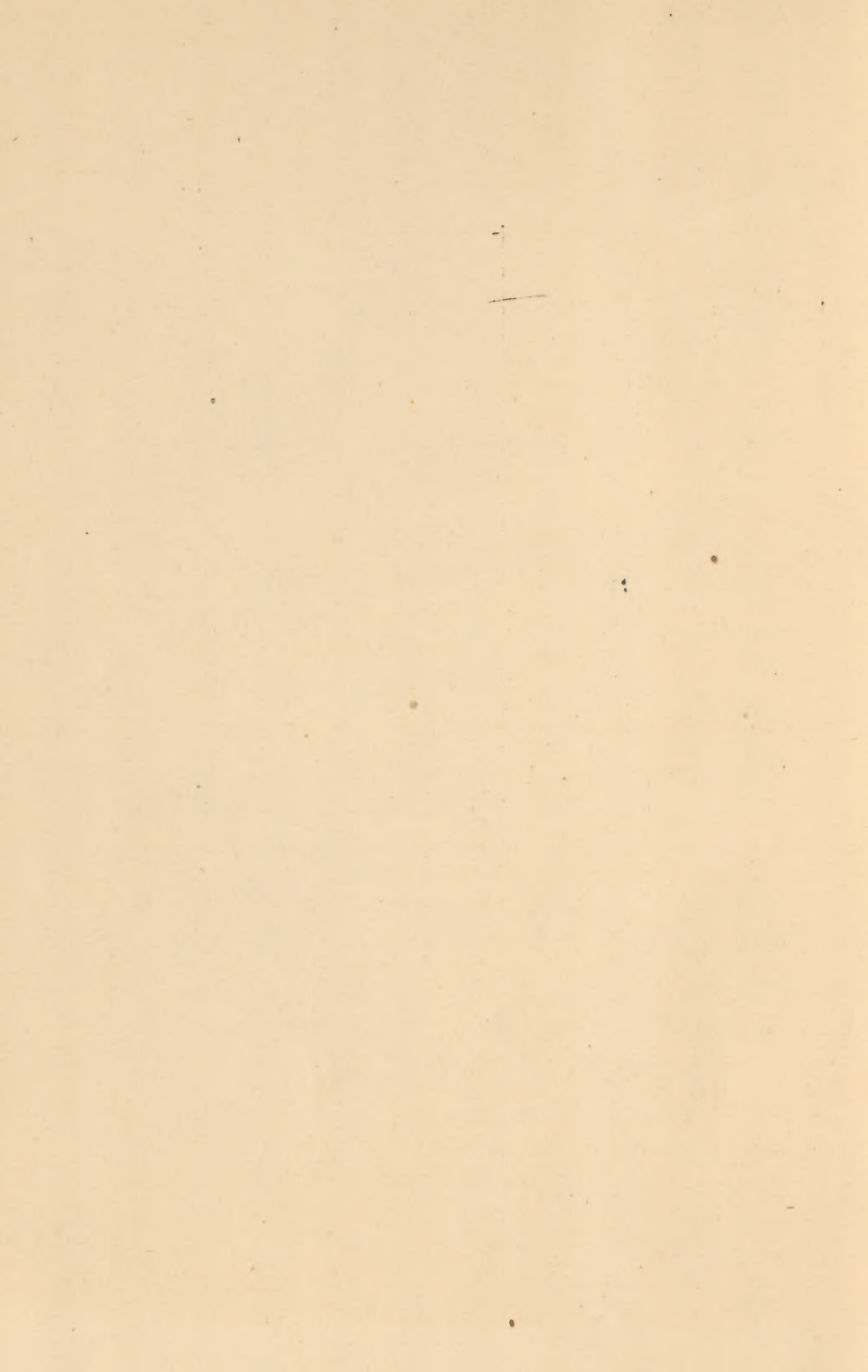
Bradley. (E. N.)
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E. N. Bradley

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.







MISS ELIZABETH N. BRADLEY, M. D.

—ON A—

CONTINENTAL TOUR OF 5,000 MILES.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE IN THE ORIENT—THE LAND OF THE
MIDNIGHT SUN—HARDY NORSEMEN—THE NORWAY COAST—
REGAL SIMPLICITY—SUSPICIOUS RUSSIANS—BACK TO PARIS.

The following interesting letter, in regard to Miss ELIZABETH N. BRADLEY, M. D. the talented and courageous daughter of Hon. D. OGDEN BRADLEY, President of the Tarrytown National Bank, was written in Paris by THEODORE STANTON, for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, published in that journal, and extensively copied.

PARIS, Jan. 14, 1887.

Ever since the days of Ida Pfeiffer, Fredericka Bremer and Mme. Leonowea it has been a fashion of learned ladies to make extensive trips of travel. Another of these travelers is Miss Elizabeth N. Bradley. This young American woman, who is a *docteur en medcine* in Paris and a member of the Zoological Society of France, has just returned from a four-months tour through Norway, Sweden, Finland, Lapland, Russia, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Italy and Sardinia. This circuitous journey of 5,000 miles she courageously undertook and carried out wholly unattended and alone, receiving everywhere, in all railroad trains, steamers, diligences and other conveyances, a uniform

courtesy which is a striking testimony to the safety and comfort with which an unprotected lady may now travel in nearly all parts of Europe. However, it is only a brave woman who should attempt such an odyssey, for one night in the Orient Miss Bradley had to stand until sunrise with her foot against her door in order to keep out an intruder. During her wanderings

SHE MADE A SPECIALTY

Of visiting the universities, colleges and hospitals that lay in her way, and of instituting inquiries into the status of women, particularly under the regime of the Greek and the Mohammedan Church. Miss Bradley is a granddaughter of Henry Bradley, a noted American abolitionist, who was the Liberal Party candidate for Governor of the State of New York in 1846; her father is D. Ogden Bradley, late of the New York Legislature; her uncle is Bishop Neely, of Maine; and she herself promises to be not the least distinguished member of her well-known family.

MISS BRADLEY'S STORY AS RELATED TO MR. STANTON.

Last July I set sail from Hull, England, for Trondhjem, the oldest town of Norway. The voyage lasted four days. It was 10 o'clock at night when we landed, but the sun had not yet set. Among my fellow passengers were many Englishmen going to Norway for fishing and for hunting in the vast forests that surround Trondhjem, and some Englishwomen bent, like myself, on feasting their eyes on that beautiful sight, the midnight sun. Trondhjem resembles in many respects an American town, for its streets are broad and cross each other at right angles, its sidewalks are of planks and its houses are wooden. The town is noted for its large and historic cathedral, but I took more interest in studying the people, whom I learned to love—this was my first acquaintance with Norwegians—than in

gazing at the church choir where the old Norse kings used to be crowned.

HOW MANY INQUIRIES ABOUT AMERICA

I tried to answer here and everywhere that I went in Norway! All of these sturdy people have relations in the United States. Why, some of them knew more about Chicago than I did, and they have a higher idea of our institutions than—I am ashamed to say it—many Americans. A Norwegian professor said to me one day: “It is to the letters and suggestions that have come to us at home from our brothers in the United States that we owe the progress that has been made in Norway during the last twenty years.” In no other European country perhaps, unless it be Ireland, does the American people exert such a direct and powerful influence as in the Scandinavian peninsula, and especially in the Norwegian half of it. And that the result has been so different in Norway from what it has been in Ireland is due not only to the superiority, perhaps, of the Norse blood to the Celtic, but to the freedom enjoyed by the one people and to the oppression that has crushed the other.

It is from Trondhjem that the tourists start for the North Cape in order to see the never-setting sun. You have a choice of steamers. You may go by the tourist ship which sails every fortnight from June until the end of July, and takes from twelve to thirteen days to make the round trip; or you may embark on the post ship, which is sixteen days on the way. The latter is the better, if you are not in a hurry and wish to see more of Norway, for you go up into all the fjords, which, like the fingers of a glove, indent the coast, leaving and taking the mails, and you are thus offered many a

GRAND VIEW OF NATIONAL SCENERY,

And many a charming peep into picturesque towns. When you arrive at your destination your eyes are gratified not

only with the splendors of the midnight sun, but also with the novelty of a troop of Laplanders, men, women and children, with their reindeer and huts, their peculiar dress, and their odd customs. The managers of the steamboat company, with the shrewdness of Yankees, bring down each season from neighboring Lapland these queer specimens of the human race, and many a tourist turns his back on Old Sol in all his boreal glory to gaze on these denizens of the far north. During the long winter the Lapps are busy making butter and cheese from the milk of the reindeer, which they carry with them and sell during the short summer season. From Hammerfest I went on along the coast to Finmark, and saw this people in their own country.

Returned to Trondhjem, I took the cars for Christiania. I went by the day train in order to enjoy the wild country covered with log houses exactly like those that used to be seen in our frontier towns. During this journey I was struck by a curious custom that prevails everywhere in Norway. At the stations where they stop for refreshments, you go up to the counter, take what you want, and before leaving you tell the man at the money drawer what you have eaten, and pay accordingly. These good Norwegians seem to have perfect confidence in your probity. Honest themselves, they consider everybody else to be honest. I noticed this same confidence in the uprightness of others on board the ship that took us north. In the ladies' dressing room, purses, jewelry and valuables of every description were left about just as if we were each in our own home. Many a time I would remove two or three pocket-books from the washstand before using it.

I had a pleasant little sojourn at Christiania. Among other things I visited the city prison and the hospitals. I went all through the big goal, and found there just three convicts. This outdoes the Bastille, where there were seven captives, if I remember rightly. What a proof this is of the character of social life in Norway! In the hospitals I was particularly pleased with the use of clean, soft sea-

moss in the swathing of wounds, instead of the cotton employed here in Paris and elsewhere. I saw many interesting people at the Norwegian capital, and was again impressed with the intelligent conception that the Norwegians have of our country. But I was ashamed to admit to them that I had never heard of many of their poets, historians and statesmen. They seemed astonished at this imperfection in my education. I was, of course, acquainted with Bjornson, the republican poet, whom they seem to adore, and I had also some poor knowledge of Ibsen, the "woman's" poet, but this did not satisfy all my Christiania friends, who could not understand why my list of Norwegian worthies was so short.

From Christiania I went by rail to Stockholm, where I arrived just at the moment when the city was entertaining the King of Portugal, then the guest of King Oscar. I remember particularly a night fete on the Lake Malar, beautifully illuminated by a double row of fires along the shore, and by a countless number of boats of all sizes and kinds with their rigging hung with lanterns. I was on one of the pleasure schooners that went out to participate in the charming festivities, and I was

AMAZED AT THE DEXTERITY

Of these Swedish helmsmen. One boat would suddenly dart across the bow of another at such close quarters that the second would have to check its speed and even come to a standstill in order to avoid a collision. We passengers held our breath in suspense on the first occasion of this kind. But I soon grew to have such confidence in the skill and judgment of our officers that I had no fear at anything that occurred afterward. We raced with a score of other steamers to see which would reach the royal yacht first, and we ran so near together that I might have jumped from one boat to the other. It is only on the rapids of the St. Lawrence that such wonderful seamanship is displayed.

While at the Swedish capital I went through the royal palace, and was greatly surprised to find on every hand

such simplicity, I am almost tempted to say such poverty. It is evident that King Oscar does not enjoy a very large civil list. This plainness was particularly noticeable in the suites of rooms occupied by the Princes, the sons of the King. They were without carpets, the beds were of iron, and the rest of the furniture in keeping with the beds. Even the wash-bowl and pitcher were not alike in one instance. The only ornaments in the apartments were the trophies and presents given the Princes during the long cruise which they once made in different quarters of the globe. The young men have all good libraries, and the books looked as if they had been read, as if, in fact, they had been bought as they were needed.

Prince Gustaf's shelves were filled with historical literary and scientific works in English, German and French. I noticed treatises on geology and zoology, and my eye caught the well-known titles of Darwin's famous contributions to science. If a man is to be judged by his library, the Crown Prince of Sweden deserves high place in public estimation. His brother, Prince Oscar, has evidently military tastes. It is a curious fact that each of the Princes has a copy of the history of the Franco-German war. And all this is just as it should be. This simple course of life is quite in keeping with the origin of the royal family of Sweden. King Oscar II. is a grandson of Bernadotte, the first sovereign of the House of Ponte Corvo. You are shown to-day, at Pau, the humble roof under which the Marshal was born, and more than one Bernadotte is to-day leading the humdrum existence of a private citizen in the native town of King Oscar's grandfather.

ST. PETERSBURG.

I took the boat at Stockholm, and sailed to St. Petersburg. My recollections of the Russian capital are far from pleasant. In the first place I was followed all the time when visiting objects of interest, and in the streets, too,

you often felt that you were being dogged. Then, again, I found the hotels infested with fleas and bedbugs. I stopped at one of the best houses, the Hotel d'Angleterre, but I could not escape from persecutors. I complained to the chambermaid, who drew herself up and exclaimed indignantly: "C'est impossible, Mademoiselle." So then I used every morning to leave on my pillow a bug or a flea transfixed with a pin, to convince my contradictor of the reality of the night's struggle. You find this nuisance all over Russia, and it is mainly due to the queer habit travelers have of carrying with them their own bed-covers. When you hire a room at a Russian hotel—a few exceptions are to be made in the larger cities—you pay only for the bed and furniture. The sheets, the pillows, towels, soap, &c. you are supposed to bring with you. When I spoke with natives about the inconveniences of such a system they looked at me in blank astonishment; they had never heard of any other. Of course, under such conditions, it would be almost impossible for a landlord to keep his house free from fleas and bugs, even if he were to try to do so, for the be-traveled bed linen of the guest would soon re-introduce them.

THE UNIVERSITY.

You can obtain some idea of the vexatious and secret way in which everything is done in Russia from my experience in trying to visit the University of St. Petersburg. I was stopped at the entrance by an underling who would not let me pass, though I argued with him for some time. Finally he consented to conduct me to the chief official of the University, when a conversation like this occurred:

"What do you wish?"

"I would like to see the University."

"But such a thing is not permitted."

"Why?"

"Nobody is allowed to visit the University."

"But I am a foreigner and I have come all the way from America to study your public institutions."

"But there is nothing to see."

"Do you mean to tell me that there is nothing to see in this building, one of the largest I have ever met? I shall go back to the United States and tell the public that the University of St. Petersburg is a desert."

It was all in vain. I could not persuade the official to let me enter, and so I cannot say what there is in that vast pile. I trust, however, for the honor of higher education in Russia, that the University of St. Petersburg is not so empty as this man tried to make me believe.

MOSCOW.

From St. Petersburg I went to Moscow, which is far more pleasing to the tourist than the artificial capital, and enjoyed the sights of this peculiar city. So far on my journey I had found little difficulty on the score of language. In Norway, Sweden, St. Petersburg and Moscow I had spoken English, German, or French, as the case required, and had no reason to lament the episode of Babel. But now, as I began to leave the "second capital of Russia" and push out into the provinces, I soon discovered to my dismay that Russian, and Russian alone, was used. I now might as well have been deaf and dumb as far as my gift of speaking and hearing was concerned. I could neither make the natives understand me, nor could I understand them—that is, as long as we confined ourselves to speech. So I found myself reduced to signs, but managed to get on fairly well in this fashion, although I did lose a train or a boat now and then, and couldn't always get just the dish I wanted at table. But I finally reached the city of Novgorod, where I got aboard one of the steamers that go

DOWN THE VOLGA TO THE CASPIAN SEA.

Until you reach Kasan the river is shallow; a man is continually sounding at the bow, and calling out the depth of the water, and if the night be dark the captain lies to until morning. After leaving Kasan the river broadens

and deepens, you quit your flat-bottom screw steamer, which reminds you in many particulars of the Mississippi craft, and are transferred to a large side-wheel steamer, and thus continue the voyage very pleasantly to Astrachan, on the Caspian Sea. Here we change boats again, leaving our river steamer for a stronger vessel before venturing on the more turbulent waters of the great inland sea.

The ship was crowded, the bulk of our passengers being Persians of the lower classes. Each man—you scarcely ever see a woman in this part of the world—had a piece of carpet, one of those rugs with which we adorn our homes, on which he rested and slept, spreading it out on deck. It was a picturesque sight at night to look down from our hurricane deck on these steerage passengers, packed together so closely that it would be difficult to pick one's way among their prostrate forms. We landed at Baku, crossed the Caucasian provinces by rail via Tiflis, and then sailed over the Black Sea to Constantinople, where I spent two and a half very agreeable weeks. I met there several of my former male colleagues in the Paris Medical School,

YOUNG DOCTORS NOW PRACTICING

At the Turkish metropolis. I went out with them on one or two occasions to visit their poor patients, and the sight of a woman doctor in Constantinople created a sensation that can be better imagined than described. You would have smiled, as I did, if you could have seen the windows full of curious faces, looking out at me wherever I went. After leaving Turkey, I visited Ephesus, Athens and other famous cities, coasted along Italy to Marseilles, and thence came by rail to Paris. Such is a very imperfect account of a highly instructive tour, which, notwithstanding its many hardships, dangers and discomforts, I would willingly make over again.

DR. ELIZABETH N. BRADLEY'S
GRADUATION FROM THE
PARIS COLLEGE OF MEDICINE,
AS DESCRIBED BY
THEODORE TILTON.

53 QUAI DE BOURBON, PARIS, July 7, 1887.

HON. D. O. BRADLEY:

My Dear Sir—As I have twice, perhaps thrice, had occasion to write you an unwelcome letter reporting sad particulars of your daughter Elizabeth's dreadful illness, I seize the present occasion to send you a message of happier import.

When I wrote you last I did not suppose that she would live to finish her medical studies in Paris. None of her physicians and few of her friends believed in the likelihood of her recovery. But it is always the unexpected that comes to pass. She got well. Not only this. Owing to her remarkable energy of will, she not merely fought her way back from the grave's edge, but she doggedly regained her lost pre-eminence among her fellow students: and yesterday afternoon she won for herself, amid much *celat*, the highest merit-mark which the Examining Board of the Paris College of Medicine can confer on any student, male or female.

I was present on the occasion, and I could not help wishing that she had been my own daughter. You should have seen her—dressed in the manly black robe of Portia! Had she been your six-foot son, she would have been attired in the same old-time toggery, such as was worn by young lawyers in Venice in the Middle Ages, and such as is

still cherished on ceremonial occasions by the medical students of Paris. Except for her womanly face, hair, hair-pins and comb, she was a perfect model of a young male theologian in gown and bands! In fact, I asked her whether she was Baptist, Presbyterian or Episcopalian—she would have been an excellent high-church representative of any super-orthodox sect.

The occasion drew together a big bevy of her American and other friends, some of whom brought her flowers.

The examination which she was summoned to pass was one to shake any nerves but the stoutest, and to perplex any brain but the clearest. It was no child's play. She knew what she had to meet, and she prepared herself for a most trying ordeal. No serious woman given to science, and especially to the grim and glum science of medicine, has, up to the present time, been such a type of the female sex as has especially delighted the levity-loving French mind. Miss Elizabeth and her sisterhood of pioneers, have not walked a path strewn with roses. I will not say that your sober-minded and demure daughter has had actual insults, or has suffered what she would call persecution; but I know that she has received no favors. Far from it; she has been engaged in a seven-years struggle against an unreasonable prejudice; had she been a young man instead of a young woman, she would have had an easier lot; and I know right well that her yesterday's Board of Examiners—much as they respected and admired her—would have tripped her if they could. They put her through an hour's inquisition that was little short of cruel. At least, it was abundant in badinage and persiflage. She took her haggling as "the daffodil takes the winds of March—with beauty." Her inquisitors were Fournier, Gautier, Pouchet and Robin—four of the ablest professors in the medical world. But she won her victory in advance of the battle. She had presented to this Rhadamanthian quartette, as her thesis, not the ordinary brief essay usual on such occasions, but a whole treatise, a thick and learned book of nearly 200

printed pages, and which she had taken a whole year to write. Their surprise was manifest.

This young woman was no drudge, no slouch, no idler! She had been, strange to say, pursuing independent investigations of her own. Her theme was "Iodism"—if you know what that is, which I do not. It was new, fresh and un-hackneyed. She had it all to herself. She advanced her own theories, furnished her own illustrations, and adduced her own conclusions. The four big-wigs of the Examining Board had never heard of such a theory, and had never been informed of such corroborative facts. Each professor in turn asked her if she was not mistaken; what were her proofs; how had she been thus strangely led to so bold a conclusion; not one among them agreed with her; but every one complimented her on her industry, her research, and her originality; and, strange to say, they unanimously agreed, in their private consultation at the conclusion of the seance with her, that she should have the maximum mark!

Moreover, all the outer jury of *ex parte* spectators and listeners said the same thing. The triumph was complete. I would not be astonished to hear, a half-dozen years hence, that your daughter's strange thesis—in point of novelty, scholarship and intellectual audacity—had become one of the traditions of the college.

Of course, I am not a physiologist, and I am dabbling now in a matter of which I know next to nothing. But let me mention to you an incident that occurred yesterday, after the crucial test had been so successfully passed by your brave girl.

Prof. Pupin, the Secretary of the Medical College, took your daughter by both hands, and said to her, in the hearing of a bevy of young men, her college mates: "Mademoiselle, we are proud of you; and if you leave France, it is not because you are not appreciated here." Similar testimony has been rendered by other equally high and heretofore prejudiced authorities.

My old friend, I write you all this for sake of "Auld Lang Syne," I have seen your daughter where you never saw her yourself—at death's door. I have now seen her in recovered health, winning the first honors of her class in college, and eliciting the encomiums of the American Colony in Paris for what I may call her phenomenal energy, pluck and American spirit.

The truth is that Miss Bradley, Miss Klumpke, and a few other young women, have, by their fine abilities, their indefatigable zeal, and their ladylike manners, won for themselves an unexpected and proud position in the Medical College of Paris, such as will make the career of all other female students at this institution easy and honorable in time to come. Very truly yours,

THEODORE TILTÖN.

